

1638  
Canst Hope

The

Lady of the

Lion's

---

Lena Mape  
Theatre Royal St  
Decr. 1835

*Clara St. ...*  
THE

*Clara St. ...*  
LADY OF THE LIONS;

*H. J. Harrison*  
A Burlesque Burletta,

IN ONE ACT.

BY M. M. G. DOWLING, Esq.

*Clara St. ...*  
Author of 'Othello according to Act of Parliament,' and  
'Romeo and Juliet as the Law Directs.'

AS PERFORMED AT THE NEW STRAND THEATRE

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1838.

THE  
UNIVERSITY  
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*Mrs G. F. Hall*

Ladies, Villagers, &c.

## THE LADY OF THE LIONS.

### SCENE I.—PARLOUR AT THE THREE LIONS.

MRS. CHAPEL, *MARY*, and SUKEY, *discovered*—SUKEY *forming May-flowers, &c. on table.*

MRS. C. Sukey, put that rose a little to the right—  
There now, my darling, you are perfect, quite ;  
You are the prettiest gal I ever saw, [Exit Sukey.  
Quite equal to the French gal *Jenny si q aw* ;  
Seek through the world, and find me such another—  
You look the very picture of your mother.  
No wonder rich and poor, and old and young  
Have always got your name upon their tongue.  
Well you keep up the family connexion—  
My air, my very features and complexion.

POL. *(Takes nosegay.)* Dear Ma! you spoil me—yes,  
indeed you do,

For no one says I'm beautiful but you.

MRS. C. My child, I tells you on't, for this here reason,  
'Tis better you should know it in good season,  
So that if any man should talk of marriage,  
Don't you have no one as don't keep his carriage.  
There's many a knight—a *barrow-knight* perhaps—  
Or some o' them 'ere parliamentary chaps  
Who'd look on them 'ere eyes o' yours with wonder,  
And to your beauty pretty soon knock under.

POL. La, Ma! I can't think who 'tis every day  
Sends me a nosegay—can you guess, Ma, eh?

MRS. C. Perhaps Mr. Beanswell, dear, the linen-draper.

POL. And look, he puts it up so nice in paper.

MRS. C. Dear child, for goodness' sake don't make so free  
With any thing put up by such as he.

A linendraper—very rich, 'tis true—

A linen-draper shouldn't look at you:

You must have coach and coachman in a wig,

The linen-draper only keeps a gig.

I see him coming, mind if he talks of marriage,

Think of the coachman's wig before the carriage.

Keep up your dignity—be firm, my dear.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Beauswell ..... Mr. ATTWOOD.

Glover..... Mr. MELVILLE.

Serjeant, afterwards Captain Dam-

age..... Mr. A. YOUNGE.

Old Chapel ..... Mr. G. COOKE.

Clod Millnot..... Mr. W. J. HAMMOND.

Bowlegs, Potboy ; Grab, Bailiff ; Stripskin, Lawyer ;  
Soldiers, Villagers, &c.

Mrs. Chapel..... Mrs. MELVILLE.

Polly Chapel ..... Miss DALY.

Sukey ..... Miss RICHARDSON,

Widow Millnot..... Miss HALL.

Ladies, Villagers, &c.



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Think of the coachman's wig before the carriage.  
Keep up your dignity—be firm, my dear.

*Enter* POTBOY,

POTBOY. Mistress, a coachman wants a pint o' beer.

[*Exit* Potboy.]

MRS. C. I'll come and draw it. Tom, in half a minute  
(*Going.*) Think o' the coach, and you a sitting in it.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter* BEAUSWELL.

BEAU. Ah, my dear Polly—(*Aside.*) 'Gad, she's very charming—

Your grumpy looks are really quite alarming ;  
I come, though I'm a man might venture higher,  
To offer that to which you'll scarce aspire—  
My hand and heart, and thus the question pop ;  
Be mine—be mistress of my house and shop ;  
My business flourishes, my trade increases,  
I've neither nephews, uncles, aunts, nor neices,  
Brothers, nor sisters, to divide controul ;  
You shall possess my heart upon my soul.  
I'll keep a servant girl your wants to wait on,  
And you shall ride out in my pony phaeton ;  
I'm confidently told that perhaps next year  
I shall be nominated overseer ;  
And then what follows ? in a year or two  
We take our seats in the churchwarden's pew :  
These honours, dearest Poll, I offer you.

—POL. I thank you very kindly for thus bending  
To make this offer truly condescending,  
But yet I can't agree to spend my days  
Beside you in a four-wheeled pony chaise ;  
Nor wait the chances of the coming year  
To be the lady of the overseer ;  
Nor seek to sit in the churchwarden's pew,  
If I'm to sit in it along with you—  
In short, for me, Ma says, you will not do :

BEAU. The girl's gone mad. Your mother ! oh I'd rather  
Consult the feelings of your worthy father.

*Enter* MRS. CHAPEL.

MRS. C. Who long has given up domestic cares,  
And never interferes with my affairs.  
I must say this, that if the girl could marry  
A shopkeeper—(*Aside.*) She'd better wed old Harry—  
Why perhaps we might prefer our friend Beauswell,  
Because we knows his circumstances well ;



But as the thing's impossible—come duck !  
We wishes your next offer better luck.

TRIO.—‘ Moll in the Wad.’

BEAU. Poll o' the Lion and I fell out,  
And what do you think it was about,  
I had money but she had none,  
And that's the way the quarrel begun.  
I asked her to marry, she turn'd up her nose,  
And wondered I ever presumed such a thing ;  
Had I been old Harry, and dared to propose,  
She'd as soon have accepted of Beelzebub's ring.

MRS. C. Poll o' the Lion and you fell out,  
Listen and I'll tell you what 'twas about,  
She has beauty and you have none,  
And that's the way the quarrel begun.  
Polly has pride, too, and hasn't forgotten  
The lessons I've taught her on courtship and marriage,  
And rather than measure your linen and cotton,  
Would marry a squire or a lord with a carriage.

POL. Poll o' the Lions with you fell out,  
And what do you think it was about ;  
How could I condescend to shape  
My fingers to measure a yard of tape.  
Now answer one question to me and ma,  
Pray do you imagine a lady like me  
Could murder her prospects by such a FAUX pas,  
And commit herself to such a FELLOW D'YE SEE.  
Poll o' the Lions.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Enter GLOVER.*

GLOV. Confound the cross-grained hussy for a dunce,  
Plainly and flat did she refuse at once.  
I do so, sir, said she without remorse ;  
I want a coach, you only keep your horse.  
'Tis want of taste—sure a retired glover  
For her's not so contemptible a lover.  
But there must be a reason for this rig—  
I think I see it all in Beauswell's gig.  
I'll keep a gig, dear Poll, if that will please ye,  
Small pony, little wheels, taxes made easy.  
But here comes Beauswell—now, if I should burst,  
I'll tell him on't, and then shall know the worst.

*Enter BEAUSWELL, (very melancholy).*

BEAU. Ah, my dear friend, I'm nearly broken-hearted

GLOV. Go to Miss Polly then.

BEAU. We've just now parted.

She's very pretty.

GLOV. Yes—she's pretty well.

BEAU. But cursed prond.

GLOV. She'd like to cut a swell.

BEAU. Glover, my friend, on Polly I so doat,  
That I must hang myself or cut my throat—  
Which think you best?

GLOV. I think you'd better drown,  
Some d——d good natur'd friend may cut you down  
Just as you've been at all the pains to swing.  
And as to cut your throat—do no such thing,  
It spoils your razor's edge. Now, as a friend,  
Drowning's the death that I should recommend.

BEAU. Drowning it shall be—putting things together  
I think I'd better wait till warmer weather;  
The cold would surely cause an ague fit,  
It makes me shudder e'en to think of it.

GLOV. Zounds—then you will not kill yourself at all.

BEAU. Oh yes I will, in summer or the fall.

GLOV. Friend Beauswell, you're a fool and Poll's a tartar  
Your gig has won her heart, and I'm a martyr.

BEAU. My gig! she has refused me, Mister Glover;  
I'm a disconsolate despairing lover.

GLOV. Refused you! come that's good, I'm in amaze—  
Refuse a regular four-wheeled pony chaise—  
That's too absurd. Oh, we must take her down,  
And do that pride of hers a little brown.

BEAU. What! be revenged? if crush'd I could but think  
her,  
I'd like to see her married to a tinker.

[*Shouts without.*]

GLOV. The very man—I know him, too, of old.  
At him at once, our project let's unfold.  
Here, tinker, Clod.

*Enter CLOD.*

CLOD. Your honor.

GLOV. Come this way.  
We've got a serious word or two to say.

CLOD. I don't like serious words your honour knows,  
Like bellows they often come to blows.

BEAU. Are you a married man?

CLOD. No, heaven be praised,

Love is a flame I never yet have raised ;  
The fire of my love was quench'd, put out,  
So pray you say what would you speak about.

GLOV. In yonder village lives a maiden fair,  
Whose beauty (to say truth) is rich and rare ;  
But for her pride she'd be beyond reproach,  
She'll marry none, unless he keeps a coach.  
In that her want of taste you'll plainly see,  
She has rejected me !

BEAU. And even me !  
Now we would be revenged, and see her wed  
To one who'd crush her pride or break her head.  
You are the man to bring her to her senses ,  
We'll bear you harmless, and pay all expenses.

CLOD. Perhaps, gentlemen, you'll let me ask the name  
Of this same pretty, pouting, pompons dame.

GLOV. 'Tis Polly of the Lions public-house,  
One, I assure you, doesn't want for nouse.

CLOD. (*Aside.*) So, so, my friends, the very girl I love ;  
I'll humour them, and Poll's pretensions prove.  
I must disguise myself? is that your plan?

BEAU. Yes—you must act the town fine gentleman ;  
Talk of your dogs, your horses, and your carriage ;  
Offer them all to her, then offer marriage.

CLOD. What if she take me at my word?

GLOV. 'Tis certain.

Why marry her, and then withdraw the curtain.

CLOD. I don't know what law says to such offences—  
I fear " obtaining wives by false pretences."  
Then from her home if I do chance to wean her,  
'Steard of Miss Pol, I may take Mis-demeanor.

BEAU. Tut, nonsense, man—I havn't any doubt,  
If we can bring your marriage well about,  
When once to you Poll's bound in Hymen's fetters  
She'll love you as she would have lov'd your betters.  
Wilt join with us, and try this glorious plan?

CLOD. If 'tis to be attempted I'm your man.

GLOV. That's famous. How we shall lug down her pride :  
I think I see her walking at your side,  
Or as you wheel your barrow stalk behind,  
Screaming out " Bellows to mend and knives to grind."  
Gad, after all her mother may be right,  
She's surely born to wed a *barrow-knight*.  
Come Beauswell. Clod, you'll meet us when 'tis dark,

And you shall soon become a natty spark.

BEAU. We shall be liberal, Clod, that you shall find.  
Oh, oh, oh, the bellows to mend and knives to grind.

[*Exeunt.*]

SONG—CLOD. ‘Terry heigho the Grinder.’

If ever I marry a wife,  
Miss Polly’s the maiden for me—  
I’ll cherish and love her for life,  
If she will but live happy with me.  
Singing Terry heigho, Terry heigho the grinder,  
Terry, heigho, heigho.  
My wife I wish I may find her.  
I’ll woo in disguise. If I can,  
Though there’ll be no disguise in my Wooing,  
Give up mending kettle and can  
And live upon billing and cooing.  
Singing, &c. &c.  
But if her pride should have a fall,  
And love to her husband should bind her,  
She may not regret after all  
Becoming the wife of a grinder.  
Singing, &c. &c.

[*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.

2 *Enter BEAUSWELL and GLOVER.* *K*

BEAU. Well, Glover, my boy, how prosper our affairs?

GLOV. Oh, we shall soon relieve them of their cares;  
Look, here they come, I’ve given Clod his cue,  
And with good management the thing will do.

— *Enter MRS. CHAPEL and POLLY, R. H.*

MRS. C. I’m glad we see’d you here, good gentlemen;  
I was afraid you wouldn’t come a-gen.

Dear Mr. Beauswell, and dear Mister Glover,  
There stands my gal; now, who could help but love her?  
Isn’t she pretty?

— POL. La!

MRS. C. But to the point,  
What if your noses is put out of joint;  
You won’t be angry. (*To Polly*). How they seems con-  
founded.

Him as is born to be hang’d won’t never be drowned.  
So if dear Polly’s born to have a carriage,  
Why fate has also fixed about her marriage.

— POL. Oh, dear me, Ma! How can you talk such stuff,  
I wouldn’t have the gents; an’t that enough.



They can't expect a draper or a glover,  
 Would ever be accepted as my lover.  
 It isn't likely ; so the matter's ended,  
 And there's no reason they should be offended.

Mrs. C. She speaks just like the miracle of old,  
 And all her words seems made of purest gold.  
 Look at her ; just look at her, how she walks,  
 As upright as the winter cabbage stalks.  
 Oh, she's a duck.

BEAU. (*Aside*). And you're a goose, that's more.

*Enter POTBOY.*

POTBOY. Misses, make haste, here comes a chaise and four.

Mrs. C. A chaise and four ! Good gracious ! Poll, my queen,  
 Your hair's all out of curl. Pray don't be seen  
 Till you are put to rights. (*Going.*) I'll let you know  
 Whether 'tis worth your while to dress or no.

SONG.—POLLY. 'Jenny Jones.'

My name's Polly Chapel, who knows what it is to be,  
 When I'm a lady and ride in my coach,  
 That's when I am married, which much I do wish to be,  
 With lots of servants to wait my approach.  
 I'll walk like a countess, and not look at any one  
 Less than the lady of knight or of squire.  
 And as to old friends, I must over look many one,  
 How can I help it and hold my head higher.

(*Exeunt.*)

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter MR. and MRS. CHAPEL, MISS CHAPEL, BEAUSWELL and GLOVER, DAMAGE, and CLOD, as Captain.*

Mrs. C. Really, his wit has such amazing power,  
 He's made me laugh so for the last half hour.  
 These soldier officers is such nice men,  
 I only wishes I was young again ;  
 I loves the army so.

DAM. Fiddle, de, de,  
 What know you of the army, Mistress C.

Mrs. C. Why, cousin Dam, this here much I knows,  
 That in the army there's some smart young beaus.

(BEAUSWELL, GLOVER, and CLOD *whisper*.)

DAM. Pshaw !—What's that whispering ?—there is some-  
 thing wrong,  
 I'll find that scape-grace out before it's long ;



For he's no soldier—see the fellow stand ;—  
He never had a musket in his hand.

MRS. C. Cousin, for shame ; such language does not suit  
The captain.—Cousin, you're a brute.

CLOD. (*Seeing bellows*). That's a good bellows !—Is  
the maker known ?

Now, I could almost swear it was my own !

BEAU. (*Pulling Clod's coat*). Sir, Captain—What's the  
devil are you at ?

CLOD. I mean, I've one at home that's just like that.

POL. Have you, indeed ? how very odd it is.  
Ma, the captain's got a bellow's just like this.

MRS. C. Now, is that possible ? deary me, that's queer :  
I think 'twas Clod the tinker made this e're.

DAM. Is he a decent workman ?

MRS. C. I can't tell,  
I knows that bellows blows the fire well.  
But he's a dirty, low-life sort of elf,  
I never looks at such low chaps, myself.

DAM. Why, now I look—the captain here, and he,  
Are like each other, as is pea to pea.

Fancy that you have wash'd Clod's face and hands,  
Then dress'd him up in red—and there he stands.

POL. He isn't like the captain, not a bit,  
I can't abide you, Sir, for saying it.

CLOD. (*Aside*) Fine feathers make fine birds.—I'm  
handsome now,  
Which in my working-clothes, they won't allow.

(*Taking snuff*. Mrs. C. admires box.)

MRS. C. La, what a pretty snuff-box—'tis so neat.

CLOD. It came from Lewis's—St. James's Street.  
It's at your service, do accept it, pray. (*Gives box*).

BEAU. (*Pulling him*). Zounds ! that's my silver box  
you've given away.

CLOD. Silver !—you thought so—'tis Britannia metal.  
He'd swap me fifty for an old brass kettle.

POL. (*Admiring ring*). Such a sweet ring upon his  
finger, too.

CLOD. And if it fits, sweet Polly, 'tis for you.

GLOV. Why, that's my diamond ring—I say—  
Don't be a fool.

CLOD. Pray take it ; don't say nay,  
(*To Glover*). It looks like diamond, but it Bristol stone is.  
(*To Polly*). This ring 'twas married Venus to Adonis.

DAM. I'll try him at his facings, and soon know  
Whether he's ever been to drill, or no!

Attention!—Stand at ease.—(Clod sits). Now as you  
were. (Clod rises).

Sir, you're no soldier, that I'll safely swear.

Then who the devil are you?

CLOD. (*Knocks him down*). That will tell.

DAM. Come, come, that's not so bad—I like you well;  
You give a very decent sort of blow,

You're just the chap I shall be proud to know.

You touched me in the wind a bit, my friend,

And rather made me pipe bellows to mend.

Come, consin Chapel! Gentlemen let's go. (*Going off*).

None but a captain could give such a blow.

(*Exeunt all but Clod and Polly.*)

DUETT.—POLLY and CLOD. 'Judy Callaghan.'

CLOD. Polly, my dear, if I was even in rank a major,  
And saw a girl like you, I'd do my best to engage her.  
Mind, I say 'if I was?' don't, pray don't mistake me,  
And for a cruel, naughty story-teller take me.

Charming Poll, in despair, I shall fall again,  
If you don't tell me, I'm welcome to call again.

POL. Captain, I hope to see you even a major or colonel,  
'Twill be such pleasure to me, to read our names in the journal,  
Colonel and Mrs. B. have taken apartments at Twickenham,  
As the climate of Battersea was calculated to sicken 'em—  
Sweet Sir, into despair don't fall again,  
You shan't stir until you promise to call again.

POL. Where do you live, dear, when you are at home?

Are you a naughty man and given to roam?

Speak of your lodgings, what are your thoughts about?

Quick! for my mother doesn't know I'm out.

CLOD. Would'st have me paint the lodgings I would take?

POL. But that the smell on't makes my poor head ache.

CLOD. I'll tell thee of the first floor front—or p'raps

A second front and back, and our own traps.

I'd have the curtains of thy bridal bed

Of printed cotton, lined throughout with red;

Glazed like the shining of the softest skies,

To throw a color o'er your face and eyes.

I'd have a parrot called by thy sweet name;

And she should call thee pretty poll again.

We'll have no friends nor followers come to tea,

Unless they love as well as you and me.

At one we'd have our bit of boiled or roast,

And just at five we'd take our tea and toast.

And when night comes, that's ten, or pr'aps half after,

We'd be so happy.

POL. I shall die with laughter.

CLOD. You'll like it?

POL. I shall, indeed, my dear;

But I shall love thee much too much I fear;

And if I should, will you forgive my folly,

All other girls would love as well as Polly.

CLOD. You are a false one, 'tis but my condition,  
It isn't me you love—'tis my commission.

POL. Now that's a shame! for I declare 'tis true

I love not your commission, dear, but you.

And if your rank and station could but sink, or

Fall as low, as low—

CLOD. As Clod the tinker.

POL. Aye, even as he; or even lower still,

I'll love in spite of all, that's what I will.

DUETT.—'Red, Red, Rose.'

POLL. If my love was like a monthly rose,

That has no smell at all,

And falls to pieces where it grows,

On hedge or 'gainst a wall.

Oh, I would love thee still, my dear,

Nor heed what envy says,

Because you'd surely come again

In one-and-thirty days.

CLOD. Oh, I will love thee to the last,

And if we have a son,

I'll make him speak thy name as fast

As his little tongue can run.

Then if I to my lodgings go,

Pray tarry here awhile,

For I shall soon be back again,

It aint above a mile.

*(Exit Polly.)*

CLOD. Why should I any longer sham the lover,

But that I swore I would the trick discover.

I have a conscience, and don't like to cheat her,

She loves me truly, nothing can be sweeter.

*Enter BEAUSWELL and GLOVER.*

BEAU. Well, Clod, my boy, pray how goes on your suit?

CLOD. I'm sorry that I promised you to do't.

GLOV. Do it, you must, however, now that's clear,

Or else you'll go to quod, my lad, I fear.

BEAU. Yes, you must marry her without delay,

No time to lose, it must be done to-day.

CLOD. To-day; what nonsense!

BEAU. Yes, or else you're taken

For swindling, and you may not save your bacon.



We'll prove it, if you leave us in the lurch.

CLOD. Enough, enough.

GLOV. Come, let us to the church.

SONG—CLOD. 'Rory O'More.'

Oh, bore me no more, with nonsensical threats,  
It isn't you're vengeance my conscience that frets,  
For I love the sweet girl that you wish to enthrall,  
And I'm sure she loves me too, and that's worse than all.  
Sweet Polly, says I, to my rank you give way so;  
Oh, Captain, says she, 'tis a shame you should say so.  
'Tis the glare of the epanulette dazzles your eyes;  
Oh, I love but yourself, for yourself, she replies.  
Then pray you be quiet, don't teaze me again,  
For believe me, I am the most wretched of men. ♪  
Beware how you worry a heart that's so sore,  
I'll be d——d if I stand it, so bore me no more.

—Enter POLLY and MRS. CHAPEL.

MRS. C. Captain, I'm very glad I've found you here;  
Here's a despatch to bear you hence, I fear.

BEAU. My letter tells me what it is about. (*Opens it*). ♪

CLOD. Your're right, sir, sure enough it is the rout.

MRS. C. Oh! my dear Captain, surely you won't leave us,  
And of your dear, dear company bereave us.

What will my poor dear daughter Polly do? ♪

I'm sure she'll die, if she's deprived of you.

Won't you come back, and keep your word and marry.

Oh, my, I wish the rout was at old Harry.

—POL. My dear, dear Captain, will you be so cruel,  
As leave one, who you swore you ne'er would do ill.

I shall go mad, or kill myself with grieving.

MRS. C. I fear this does look very like deceiving.

BEAU. I'm sure from what I know of Captain Bellows  
He's one of those good natured sort of fellows.

He wouldn't even wait until the morning,

But take your daughter at a moment's warning.

I'll pop the question; bless you he will do it.

(*Whispers Clod*) I'm not deceived in him—he will—I  
knew it!

Give me your hand, Miss Polly. Captain take her.

MRS. C. And a good husband, Sir, I hopes you'll make  
her.

[*Exeunt*]

## SCENE V.

WIDOW MILLNOT *discovered putting things to rights.*

WID. There! so! I think that all looks nice and neat;  
That shall be mine, that Clod's, that Madame's seat.

Be sure I shall be overcome with joy.

La, how Miss Polly must have loved my boy ;

Of course he's told her all—I cannot doubt it,

Her father and her mother too knew all about it.

Her mother, Mistress Chapel, I'll engage

Ere she consented went into a rage.

But then the merits of my poor dear boy

Would melt the direst anguish into joy.

He sent to tell me they were coming home

Directly, (*Clod and Polly pass window.*) and, by jingo,  
here they come.

— *Enter CLOD leading in POLLY.*

CLOD. Come, my dear Polly, enter, never fear,  
We shall be sure to find a welcome here.

WID. Mercy upon me! what, pray what's the matter?  
Some accident, I fear, I heard the clatter.

Do pray be seated lady; I'll bestir

And do my best to serve you, noble sir, (*Turn to Clod.*)

In regimentals! sure 'tis very odd,

I can't mistake—it is, it must be Clod.

In all the world there is not such another,

It is my son!

CLOD. It is—it is my mother.

— POL. Your son, and this your mother! goodness me!

I'm sleeping, or gone mad—it cannot be;

Oh, it's a joke—you are a captain, ain't ye,

And may become a major, dearest, mayn't ye.

CLOD. Speak to her, mother, tell her who I am,

Tell her my being a captain's all a sham.

WID. Why, Clod, these clothes have made thee quite a  
new man;

I hope you've not deceived this nice young woman.

CLOD. Yes, but I have, although I love her dearly—

Leave us alone; 'twill break her heart or nearly.

[*Exit Widow.*]

— POL. Now if you're not ashamed to turn your head,

Tell me, pray do you not my vengeance dread.

This is your lodging—two pair front and back;

This the fresh paint, which sadly it does lack;

This is my bridal bed-room; that the bed—

'Tis lined it seems with black instead of red;

This is the welcome home with pipe and tabors.

I shall be nicely laughed at by my neighbours.



Thou fool—thou wretch; I'll sit me down and cry.  
 No, I will not—I'll run away, I'll die.  
 Art thou a man of flesh and blood.

CLOD. My Polly!  
 Don't go in a passion, 'tis such folly.  
 You know for work I often used to call—  
 Listen to me, and I'll explain it all.

*Walk up & Sta  
 and cry*

SONG—CLOD. Air—'They mourn me dead.'

I called one day at your father's house  
 A black kettle's outside to scour,  
 And wearily sat myself down in the bar,  
 For at least full half an hour.

AIR.

Oh, maiden, then, what I would take,  
 You asked in a tender tone.  
 For a penny piece bright  
 I show'd to your sight,  
 And told you my work was done.  
 I'll take some rum from your father's store,  
 Warm with sugar 'tis just the thing,  
 And the waiters's bell when I want some more,  
 Said I, I will lustily ring.

But most of all what put me on my mettle,  
 Was when you praised my mending of a kettle.  
 How very nice it is, said you, oh my,  
 Where did you it? 'Twas done at home, said I,  
 In the same place where you stand now, my bride,  
 And had done sooner—

—POL. (*Essays to speak.*)

CLOD. But my father died;  
 Then I, soon rising from this sad disaster,  
 Had for myself, myself as lord and master;  
 I thought of thee; I borrowed every penny  
 That I could scrape, long as my friends had any.  
 I sent to thee in verse—I painted lions,  
 And burnt my fingers with my soldering irons.

—POL. I'm almost melted.

CLOD. Then you got so prond,  
 That every body cried out shame aloud;  
 You wouldn't look at me, you called me fool,  
 So I was easily made Beauswell's tool.  
 I would have been revenged, if they had hung me—  
 You trampled on the worm, it turn'd and stung thee.

—POL. That can't be true, worms havn't any sting—  
 You say I trod on't, I did no such thing,

I never tread on worms ; but you're an ass.

CLOD. No, not a donkey, ma'am ; but let that pass,  
And we'll shake hands.

POL. (*Screams.*) Keep off and touch me not.

Go handle some old kettle or t'n pot.

I know my fate, I know how it will end—

I must cry ' Bellows, pots or kettles to mend.'

Well, I can do it, and without assistance.

Keep off, old fellow—come pray keep your distance.

CLOD. But you don't know me ; I my right resign,  
And tell you now you are no wife of mine.

And when your father comes and finds me out,

I'll give you to him without fuss or rout—

Here, mother, take Miss Chapel to her bed.

*Enter Widow.*

WID. Miss Chapel ! why I thought you had been wed.

CLOD. Yes, but it wasn't done exactly fair,  
But never mind, that's neither here nor there.

[*Widow leads Polly off.*]

SONG—CLOD. ' Lullaby.'

Bless you, bless you, you'll be sleeping  
In another hour or two,  
While poor Clod will still be weeping,  
And not knowing what to do.

*Lullaby, &c.*

To your father I'll send a letter—  
I can't write, what shall I do ?  
Send a message, that will be better,  
Then I'll for a soldier go.

*Lullaby, &c.*

[*Clod sinks down in a chair.*]

Here I shall be but food for folks to hoot at,  
There I shall do for enemies to shoot at.

*Enter Widow.*

WID. My son ! this ain't the way that you've been taught,  
You hav'nt done exactly as you ought.

CLOD. I know I havn't, mother, but what then,  
The wildest yonths oft make the steadiest men.  
You'll treat her kindly, for your poor son's sake ;  
Give her a cup of tea and make a cake,  
And I will send and fetch her father here,  
Then drown my sorrows in a mug o' beer.  
I'll let her go, but love her all the same,  
And as a soldier gain an honest name.

(*Exit Clod.*)

WID. Poor boy, to see him thus doth sorely grieve me.

Enter POLLY.

— POL. Not here! he has done well at least to leave me.  
I would have torn his eyes out! no, I wouldn't,  
Because I'm sure he loves me, so I couldn't.

WID. How very ill she looks. Good morning, madam,  
I shouldn't have known you, ma'am, no not from Adam.  
Clod says you're not his wife, so don't be vexed,  
You'll manage matters better with the next.  
He might have married such rich girls, you know,  
But he loved you so much.

POL. No, did he though? —

WID. He left his work, threw by his soldering irons,  
And took to drawing nought but thee and lions.  
Come take a cup of tea, 'twill make you better.

[Knocking at the door, Polly starts.]

— POL. Dear me, d'ye think my father's had the letter? —

WID. Oh no, not yet, 'tis some young man, a stranger.

— POL. Mother, don't let him in. —

*In grief* Enter BEAUSWELL.

BEAU. There is no danger.

I merely called to ask you how you do,  
And how you like your coach and coachman to.

(To Widow.) Oh, Mrs. Millnott, Clod would speak with  
you.

WID. I'll just see what he wants, but will not stay.  
Don't you be naughty now, while I'm away.

[Exit Widow.]

— POL. Well sir, your business. Ah, I know the caper;  
Remember, sir, you're still a linen-draper.  
You've come to laugh at me, no doubt, and sneer—  
You can't have any other business here.

BEAU. Polly, my sweetest Polly, don't you snub!  
I feel myself a worthless worm—a grub!  
The eye of fate no longer wears a blinker,  
You know, of course, you're married to a tinker.  
Leave him, the marriage won't stand good in law,  
And fly with me—'tis but a slight *faux pas*.  
My four-wheeled chaise is waiting at the door;  
Come to it, and be mine for evermore.

— POL. Your four-wheel'd fiddle; my mind's not so narrow  
I'd rather occupy the tinker's barrow.

I hate you more than ever, you and Glover,  
So you may go, for now the matter's over.

BEAU. I shan't go yet; you're joking, ain't you Polly?  
You surely won't stop here, that would be folly.

POL. Whether I stop or go, or what I do,  
Never you mind—I shan't go home with you.

BEAU. Pshaw, that's all nonsense, (*Takes hold of her.*)  
I'll use force and take you.

You must go home with me, my girl, I'll make you.

— [*Polly screams. CLOD enters from back, with a soldering iron hot, steps between, and burns Beauswell.*]

BEAU. Murder! he's burnt me.

CLOD. I say, Master B.

This wasn't in the bargain made with me (*Polly sits down.*)  
Look here, you scoundrel; (*She faints.*) pretty tricks to  
serve her. [*Beauswell draws a night-preserver.*]

BEAU. Beware, you see I've got a night-preserver.

CLOD. Coward! that may be good to go to bed with,  
But not to strike a woman on the head with.  
Be off, get out; if 'twasn't for Polly's crying,  
I'd beat thee within little of thy dying.

[*Exit Beauswell.*]

CLOD. My precions Poll—there don't cry any more.  
I do declare she's fainted—what a bore.

There, dear, good bye; I'll go and join the ranks,  
And where there's fighting play the devil's pranks.  
I'll learn to write, and often send a letter. [*Polly rouses.*]  
How are you now, love?

— POL. Why, I'm getting better.  
Oh Mr. B. don't beat my husband so.  
Am I awake. He has not hurt you, no.

*Enter MR. and MRS. CHAPEL and DAMAGE.*

MR. C. You are a pretty Polly I don't think.

MRS. C. Oh, here's a hovel. (*Sits down.*) Water! let me  
drink.

I'm certain I shall faint—oh, cousin Dam.

DAM. Well, faint away, 'tis better faint than sham.  
And so, my noble captain, we shan't fail  
To send your honor for a time to jail.

CLOD. Here, Serjeant Damage, one small word with you.  
You liked one blow, I'll treat you next to two.

DAM. (*To Mrs. C.*) There's something in this fellow's  
manner, cousin,



You wouldn't find his like out of a dozen.

MR. C. He is a rascal.

POL. He's my husband, father. —

MRS. C. Polly, my dear, say your seducer rather.

POL. Mother, I can't say that. —

MRS. C. Then he's a fool,

An ugly brute—he's worse than I can say.

DAM. Why, he was beautiful but yesterday.

MRS. C. If I said so I could be only joking ;

He's horrid ugly now. Oh, oh, I'm choking.

MR. C. My wife's a-fainting—fetch a drop of water.

And I expects you'll give me back my daughter.

CLOD. With all my heart, sir ; take her if she'll go.

MR. C. I'll take her with me whether she will or no.

POL. Father and mother, though it may seem odd, —

I won't go home, and leave my husband Clod.

CLOD. Yes, yes, you must. Here, Serjeant Damage, here

Give me a shilling. (*Damage gives one.*) I'm enlisted dear,

I'll go and meet the dangers of the wars,

And come home rich in pelf, or wounds, and scars.

Will you be constant, dear, and love for ever ?

POL. Yes. —

CLOD. Don't marry Beanswell.

POL. — Never.

CLOD. Then I'll be off.

POL. — No, no, we must not part. —

CLOD. I must go, dear.

POL. Then I shall break my heart. —

DAM. You are a noble fellow, and shall be

If possible in our captain's company ;

And when there's danger where *I* ought to be,

The post of honour I'll give up to *thee*.

POL. Pray, Clod, don't go—don't, there's the best of fellows, —

I'll stop with thee and learn to mend old bellows.

[*Drum and fife heard without.*]

DAM. Come, my fine fellow, did you hear that shout ?

Wish all good bye, then to the right about.

DUETT.—' Dashing white Serjeant.'

CLOD. If I'd married a wife in a regular way,

D'ye think I'd go for a soldier ? nay ;

But the honor I had feels rather sore,

So I must go to the wars for more,

To the wars for more.



And if it should happen I e'er return,  
 I'll come well tinned, tho' my heart may burn,  
 Then honor, rank and riches, Poll won't spurn,  
 I'd march away, &c.

POL. If I were a man d'ye think I'd go  
 To the wars and leave my wife, no, no.  
 I'd cut the honor of leading vans,  
 For the honor of mending pots and pans,  
 Of pots and pans.  
 I'd stay at home with wife, and p'raps  
 Some half a dozen little chaps,  
 And not go n risk all sort of sad mishaps,  
 And march away, &c.

[*All march off in different directions. Drum and Fife plays.*]

## SCENE VI.

OFFICERS, and SOLDIERS at Table. *Enter DAMAGE.*

1ST OFF. Well, Major Damage, I've a sort of notion,  
 Your friends will be surprised at your promotion.

2ND OFF. And those who know you well as us can tell  
 That ere you got it you deserved it well.

DAM. I thank you, comrades; but I must away.  
 Have you seen Captain Cut'emup to-day?

1ST OFF. No, we have not; but he's a lucky man,  
 Pray tell us who he is sir, if you can.

DAM. I'll tell ye who he is; but 'twill alarm ye.  
 Whisper—why he's—a captain in the army.

2ND OFF. Yes, yes; but what was he at first?

DAM. A little squalling brat, and so was nursed.

1ST OFF. Pshaw, major! you've told us what we knew.  
 Good morning to you, sir.

DAM. Good day to you.

SONG and CHORUS.—'Bacchanalian Song in Der Frieschutz.'

DAM Comrades, Soldiers, join with me,  
 Hail our happy home with me—  
 The wine cup let us drain.  
 Nobly for our land we've fought,  
 Done our duty as we ought.  
 Then let's a bumper fill again,  
 Soldiers.  
 Then let's a bumper fill again,  
 Soldiers.

CHORUS on table by Soldiers.

Soldiers, while from wars we rest,  
 Love's soft passion fills our breast—  
 Which sighs no more for fame.  
 Once more, comrades, fill the cup,  
 To our sweethearts drain it up.

Burn while true love fans the flame,  
 Soldiers.  
 Burn while true love fans the flame.  
 Soldiers.

[*Exeunt* all but Damage

*Enter* BEAUSWELL. *R*

BEAU. Major, your most obedient; hope you're well.

DAM. I'm very glad to see you friend Beauswell.

BEAU. (*Aside.*) Come from the wars, and very rich, no doubt;

A major, too—then, zounds, he'll cut me out.

Plenty of cash, I s'pose, Sir—lots of plunder?

DAM. Not I indeed.

BEAU. (*Aside.*) That's lucky.

DAM. But I wonder

How are the Chapels—have they lately seen you?

Is Millnot's old affair arranged between you?

That was a sorry joke of yours.

BEAU. 'Tis odd

We've never any tidings heard of Clod.

He was a soldier.

DAM. Yes, he did enlist,

But such a name's not in the army list.

BEAU. However, that's no odds—he's a defaulter,  
 And I shall lead Miss Polly to the altar.

DAM. You! why she's married; and if Clod's not dead,  
 And should come back, he's sure to break your head.

BEAU. I'll risk it all, and yield in love to no man.

[*Exit* Beauswell. *L*

DAM. Wonders will never cease—oh, woman, woman!

*Enter* CLOD.

My friend, I've heard it all.

CLOD. And so have I;

I'm a lost man—I'm certain I shall die.

DAM. Pshaw! this town boasts of prettier girls than she.

CLOD. This town! I'll leave it—what's this town to me?

SONG.—'Robin Adair.'

What's this gay town to me?

I'm almost dead,

For fear my Poll should be

Just mar-ri-ed.

The sun may shine away,

But I shall always stray,

The shady side o'the way.

Should Poll be wed.

Oh, if sweet Polly's lost,  
                     My summer's gone.  
 I'll always live in frost,  
                     Iced and alone.  
 And when my love I've proved,  
 Then, p'raps she will be moved,  
 And know how much I loved.  
                     When dead and gone.

DAM. You're taking all the worst side of the question,  
 And fretting's sure to bring on indigestion.  
 We'll talk to Polly, she's not married yet,  
 Something may still turn up to frustrate it.  
 Perhaps she thinks you dead, and mourns your fall.

CLOD. I don't suppose she thinks of me at all.

DAM. Or perhaps she's forced to marry old Beauswell.

CLOD. She wouldn't do it if she loved me well.

DAM. Then my advice is, if you can't do better,  
 To leave this neighbourhood, and so forget her.

CLOD. Forget her !!

SONG.—' Oh, no, we never mention her.'

Dye think that she is happy now?  
 I can't suppose it true—  
 Oh, if she is, I can't tell how  
 She manages; can you?  
 Forget her, that I never can,  
 Nor ever cease to fret.  
 What! married to another man,  
 I never can forget.

(*Exeunt*)

## SCENE VII.

— POLLY discovered.

— SONG.—' I love her.'

I love him, how I love him!  
 I really cannot exactly tell,  
 I no one love above him,  
 I know that very well.  
 My Clod, my dearest treasure,  
 I love thee beyond measure,  
 'Twould give my heart much pleasure  
 To live and die with thee.

*Enter BEAUSWELL and Mr. and Mrs. CHAPEL.*

BEAU. I hope my Polly's reconciled—tho' late.

— POL. Resigned, I s'pose you mean, to meet my fate.

BEAU. What, angry still! I soon shall call thee bride

POL. I trust you'll have to say—' Last night she died  
 (*Aside*) I'll try another way—he can't be stone—

Pay father's rent,—and do let me alone. —

BEAU. What! pay the twenty pounds, and lose my wife?  
I couldn't think of it, upon my life.

— POL. Then it's all over,—and the banns—pray put'em up. —

*Enter DAMAGE, CLOD, BAILIFFS, LAWYER, &c*

DAM. This is my friend, brave Captain Cut'ennup.

Mrs. C. Is this the man that's such a desperate fighter?  
I'll tell my daughter—it will so delight her.

Polly, that's Captain.

DAM. Polly, how d'ye do;

Just let me speak a word or two with you. (*Leads her down.*)

And so you're going to marry Beauswell, are you?

But mind, I'll try my very best to mar you.

— POL. Oh, Cousin Damage, I'm a martyred woman,  
For since I've lost my husband, I've loved no man.

He must be dead, or else he would have sent;

I couldn't write—I knew not where he went.

DAM. What is the reason then, you marry this man?

— POL. Hush!—come aside—I'll tell you how it is man

You see those two mean fellows; have discretion,

They're bailiffs, my dear friend, they're in possession.

My father owes near twenty pounds for rent,

And if the money isn't quickly lent

By some kind friend, then I must go to church.

Hav'nt *you* as much,—don't leave me in the lurch.

DAM. I had some money lately, and did spend it,

But have a friend, here, that I think can lend it.

I'll introduce him; mind he's rather odd,

He was a friend of your real husband, Clod.

— POL. Don't tell me so; you know him! deary me;

And did you ever hear him speak of me?

CLOD. Often! He was a miserable man.

— POL. Is he still living? Tell me if you can. —

CLOD. Yes, Ma'am, he's still alive.

— POL. Then pray don't say

When next you see him I've given my heart away.

It is not so; I love him beyond bounds;

I wish he was but here with twenty pounds.

CLOD. With twenty pounds!

DAM. Yes, it's a sad event,

Her father owes almost as much for rent;

And Beauswell, who's the richest man in town,

When she's his wife, will pay the money down.



CLOD. Would you, if you'd a friend at hand would pay it,  
Would you be Clod's wife still, let's hear you say it.

POL. Would I, yes! tell him I've pray'd night and day  
To see him, ever since he's been away.  
Tell him with him I'd walk for days and days,  
Rather than ride in Beanswell's pony chaise;  
Tell him the reason that to church I went,  
'Twas but to pay my poor old father's rent.  
I couldn't see him turn'd into the street.

CLOD. Say then, if Clod you ever chance to meet,  
Poor and dependant on his own firm hand,  
You'll love him still?

POL. I will, as here I stand. —

BEAU. Well, Mr. Lawyer, is the contract done?

LAW. It is—all seal'd and signed—except by one.

MR. C. And that's Miss——

BEAU. Polly, dear, don't mind it.

(To Mr. C.) These twenty pounds are your's when she has  
signed it; [Shewing notes.

Then to your landlord you may bid defiance,  
And still remain the landlord of the Lions.

[Lawyer hands the papers, Clod snatches and tears them.

BEAU. Sir, you are mad.

MR. C. What means this clatter, zounds!

CLOD. There, in this purse is twice the twenty pounds.

BAIL. Twice twenty pounds! then he won't go to quod

POL. (*Screams.*) Ha, that voice! it is—it is my Clod.

[Embrace.

BEAU. Come I say, Captain Bellows, no more tricking.

CLOD. Sir, you'll abscond—unless you want a kicking.

BEAU. You mean to say then—

CLOD. No, I mean to do.

BEAU. Go to the devil, then, both you and you.

[Exit Beanswell.

CLOD. This is the happiest day of all my life;  
I've fought for rank, for glory, and a wife.

MRS. C. Well, after all, he is a captain though,  
I always felt quite certain 'twould be so.

CLOD. Now, Polly, let us love, and ne'er be jealous,  
And loudly sing

“Old Rose and burn the bellows.”

### THE CURTAIN FALLS.





